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Sentinel & Farmer.

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ALLEN, GILES & BLAIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Saturday Morning, August 23.

Candidates and No Candidates.

In the reported proceedings of the Convention, (and they were published in our paper just as received officially,) there were several persons voted for known not to be candidates among them, among which were Judge Holt of Dayton and Mr. Grosbeck of Cincinnati. The Cincinnati Enquirer says that Mr. Grosbeck was not a candidate before the Convention, and we have a note from Judge Holt stating that he informed the delegation from his county that he was no candidate, and the same was stated to the Convention, yet some of the friends of these gentlemen still voted for them, and which appeared in the proceedings. No doubt others were voted for under similar circumstances. It is due to such that the fact should be known.

The very best spirit seems to animate our friends in all quarters, which, if carried out until the last ballot is deposited in the poll box, our whole ticket must be triumphant. As an evidence of the spirit that animates our ranks, we insert the following, which we regret did not sooner come into our hands:

Americas, Thursday, Aug. 7, 1851.

Col. Medill: I am writing you for some time, before I can see you. Please tender to my Democratic friends my grateful acknowledgments for the many and liberal support given me, and say that myself and friends challenge the Democracy of the State to work more faithfully and enthusiastically for the whole nominated ticket than we will. We are in for the whole campaign--coats off and sleeves up! Ohio shall be reclaimed--the new Constitution must and shall be set in motion by its friends!

Truly yours, DIMMOCK.

This is just what every body acquainted with Asa G. Dimmock, would assert without his saying so. He is not one of your growling, dispeptic, sun-shine politicians, who only support the whole nominated ticket, when they happen to be pleased.

Such is also, Mr. Vallandigham, of Dayton, Ohio, who authorizes the Enquirer to say that he throws his whole soul into the campaign, and promises that Col. Medill, his successful competitor before the Convention will get more votes in Montgomery than in Fairfield county. How fallacious, the whip hope to breed disaffection in our ranks--Statesman.

William Duane Morgan.

Mr. Buttes, the editor of Trumbull Democrat, who was a delegate to the State Convention, in a letter to his papers says:

"In regard to Mr. Morgan, I deem a word of explanation due. He came to Columbus determined to be a candidate for no State office. This I know. Several months since, when at New Lisbon, I had a conversation with him touching a state nomination, expressing my solicitude that he should be a candidate for some post; but he would hearken to no such proposition. He said it would be a pecuniary sacrifice for him to do so. He has a good printing establishment, he is a successful farmer of Columbus county, an office fully as lucrative as the Auditor of State would be, and to this post he would certainly have been nominated by acclamation. As he is the only one of the kind in the position throughout the State as prominent and as honorable. It may be asked, therefore, why he was a candidate. His friends forced it upon him. His competitors for nomination are good men--men, any of whom had they been nominated, would have received a cordial support at the hands of the Democracy of the State; but the friends of Mr. Morgan were the most numerous, and hence the choice fell upon him. A better man for the office nowhere exists."

There is no doubt of the truth of this, says

the Statesman, and hence the necessity of his friends seeing to it that he is elected. We have the assurance of those who voted for other candidates, that no man on the ticket will receive a warmer or more enthusiastic support than WILLIAM DUANE MORGAN, and surely no one ever deserved such support more cordially than he, from every true hearted, honest radical reformer in the State. No honest man ever lived--no truer or abler advocate of the great reforms of the age ever wedded a pen--no safer man to whom to intrust the great interest of the State could be found any where, and in saying this we say what we know from acquaintance of years.

We also find in the same letters the following, which should be printed in golden letters, and carried to all future Conventions, as a pattern of what honest Democrats can do when the good of the party is uppermost in their souls.

"The resolutions were adopted by a unanimous shout of approbation. Not a dissent--not a murmur--fell from the lips of a single delegate. The old Central Committee were re-appointed, when the Convention adjourned sine die amid the wildest enthusiasm."

"I fearlessly venture the assertion that there NEVER WAS A BETTER STATE TICKET presented to the consideration of the voters of any State in this glorious Union and I further assert that THERE NEVER WAS A MORE HARMONIOUS CONVENTION, or one embracing more talent and intelligence, convened for a similar purpose in any other State. EACH MAN GOES HOME DETERMINED TO PUT HIS POWERS INTO FULL PLAY TO SECURE THE TRIUMPH OF THE TICKET."

"Happily in a quarter where I apprehended some difficulty, things were most admirably adjusted. I refer to Summit county. A double delegation was in attendance: one delegation was headed by Judge Bliss, and the other by Gen. Bierce. I had the honor to be on the Committee of Credentials, and to even inflict the trouble upon the Committee of passing judgment upon the claims of either; but like good and honest Democrats, they met together, Bliss and Bierce agreeing to abstain from participating in the deliberations of the convention; selected one man from each delegation, and agreed upon a third, disinterested person. The matter ended not with this arrangement; but they have cordially resolved to go home, strike hands, and like a band of true Democratic brethren, charge home upon the common enemy of Democracy. Nothing has been productive of more pleasure than this reconciliation--a reconciliation, I am assured by Judge Bliss and Gen. Bierce, would not have been effected, had they come hither. All honor to both parties."

Democrats of Harrison County, if you love your country and her free institutions--if you wish to see the principles of Democracy triumph--follow in the footsteps of these good old patriots--throw aside all prejudices--and support THE WHOLE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Virginia.

The Constitutional Convention has determined to insert in the New Constitution provisions which the Richmond Times condenses as follows:

1. Taxation shall be, generally, *ad valorem*.
2. But slaves not twelve years old, are exempted.
3. Slaves twelve years old and over shall be taxed *per capita*, and not more than the tax on land worth \$300.
4. White males twenty-one years old and over shall be taxed *per capita* with twice tax on land worth \$200.
5. The Legislature may tax, at its pleasure, incomes, salaries and licenses, but, in that case, the property or capital producing the income or salary, or to which the license relates, is to be exempt.

In regard to the present and future public debts of the State, the sections agreed upon provide--

1. That a fund of seven per cent of the present debt shall be set apart for the payment of its interest and the gradual redemption of the principal; *and*
2. That a fund of eight per cent of every debt hereafter created, shall likewise be set apart for the payment of its interest and principal; *and*
3. That the Legislature authorize no loans for a longer period than thirty-four years; *and*
4. That the Legislature shall not release to any incorporated company the interest or principal of any debt due from it to the State.

The following are the provisions relating to the free people of color:

1. Slaves hereafter emancipated shall forfeit their freedom by remaining in this Commonwealth more than twelve months after they shall have become actually free, and shall be reduced to slavery, under such regulations as may be prescribed by law.
2. The General Assembly may impose such limitations, restrictions and conditions as they shall deem proper, on the power of slave owners to emancipate their slaves, and may pass laws for the relief of the Commonwealth from the free negro population, by removal or otherwise.

Orful True.

Lines written to a young lady on being told by her that she did not care three ships of a house for a certain individual.

A lady has told me,
And in her own house,
That she cared not for me
Three ships of a house.

I forgive the dear creature
For what she has said,
Since women will talk
Of what runs in their head.

Four young ladies were drowned near Providence, Rhode Island, on the 6th inst.

George E. Pugh--His position on the New Constitution--A Whig Falsehood nailed to the Counter

It has time and again been charged by the whig press, that GEORGE E. PUGH, was opposed to the adoption of the New Constitution. To put this slander at rest we submit to our readers the following, which was furnished to the editor of the Ohio Statesman, by a gentleman who was present at the late Democratic State Convention, as the nomination of a candidate for Attorney General. Col. Sawyer of Auglaize, rose and said that he had heard a charge made against one of the candidates for that office, which he wished to set at rest. He alluded to the charge that George E. Pugh had either voted against the new Constitution, or else being opposed to its adoption, had refused to vote at all. If either charge was true, he [Col. Sawyer] could not support Mr. Pugh, and he demanded the friends of that candidate to state the facts to the end that if a slander, the slander should be put down, but if true, the Convention should be able to vote accordingly.

"The cry was then made for Mr. Roll of Hamilton, and that gentleman mounting a bench, responded:

"No man, he said, in that convention was more able to brand this assertion as a slander than himself. He knew Mr. Pugh to have been the warm, the steadfast and constant friend of the New Constitution. When he said this it was equally due to truth as to say, that Mr. Pugh, as well as thousands of other Democrats in 'old Hamilton,' would have preferred a constitution more radical, especially on the subject of Banking, than the one adopted on the 17th of June; but he and they advocated it, because it was more in consonance with the progressive spirit of the age, than the old one. Mr. Pugh did not, he said vote for the new Constitution, and why he did not, [Mr. Roll] would inform the Convention, and if blame was to rest on the shoulders of any one, it might rest on him, [Mr. Roll] for he alone was to blame."

The day of the election had been set apart for the trial of a case, in which he had been engaged with a corporation in Hamilton county. As Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, the law forbade him from practicing law and hence he had engaged the services of Mr. Pugh. Anxious to be at the polls, Mr. Pugh had tried to get the trial deferred to another day, but failed. In the performance of his duty to his client, he was forced to be absent from the place where he could vote. The trial lasted longer than either he [Mr. Roll] or his counsel expected. The moment it was over, Mr. Pugh took a buggy and drove some four miles to the place of election, and to his regret found himself too late by some five or ten minutes. This, said Mr. Roll, was the head and front of Mr. Pugh's offending. He had attended a lawsuit against a corporation, and in doing his sworn duty as an Attorney, had failed to arrive in time to vote. Had the loss of that vote defeated the new constitution, he [Mr. Roll] would have blamed himself for it, for under the circumstances, he knew Mr. Pugh was not to blame. As one of the members of the Constitution Convention, he [Mr. Roll] had aided in framing the constitution, and under the belief that it was the best that could be got, he had voted for its adoption by the Convention, and had advocated and voted for it when it was adopted by the people, and no man that knew him would dare say that he was not sincere. He mentioned this fact for the purpose of saying that he was not a more sincere and ardent supporter of the new constitution than was George E. Pugh. He trusted the Delegate from Auglaize was satisfied that the charge was a slander.

"Mr. Sawyer. Perfectly satisfied."

There is no greater punishment of vice--

Than that it have its own will.

Hence, guilty, infernal love becomes the most deadly hate.

THE PLACE FOR GIRLS--A former citizen of Terre Haute writes to the Courier as follows, in regard to the scarcity of marriageable females in Oregon. It's a long way to go for a husband, but a good one is worth even a journey to the Pacific:

"The male population here is deplorably predominant. Girls under fourteen years of age frequently become 'heads of families,' widows are not suffered to remain long in weeds, and the marshals report in a population of 13,000--only one old maid! Women of any age, nation or condition, who will come here, are assured of profitable and proper employment, and in due course of time appropriate husbands."

A Dutch member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, having returned home from session, was asked by a neighbor what had been done by the assembly. "I don't know," replied he, "but I have cleared a hundred dollars for mine ownself."

WARREN SENTIMENT--The most interesting sight is that of a young lady, with eyes like a "gazelle," a voice like a "warbler," and cheeks that have stolen the carnation of the richly rosy lip, with her mouth full of gingerbread.

After a convivial meeting, Dr. John Smith, who had become considerably full, from his frequent intercourse with his favorite deceiver, was sent for by a young lady, who was also fond of her play. Upon being left alone with his full pat, found himself quite incapable of courting it--unconsciously muttering to himself, as he held her wrist--"Drunk, very drunk."

It so alarmed the young lady that she fell upon her knees, and implored the doctor's secrecy as to her frailty.

The greatest wisdom that a man can learn, is to forget all sorrows, and cherish the good of the last, and mend his ways in the future.

Cleon half a million acres--
Ne'er a one have I.
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes--
Not a penny I;
But the poorer of the twin, is
Cleon and not I.

Cleon true possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth,
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness--
Freshness vigor I;
He is velvet, I am sustain,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon needs a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;
Wealth surrounded, care environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come he'll find me ready--
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature,
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me for ever,
Earnest listener I;
State for State with all attendants,
Who would change? Not I.

If you bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here,
How sweet it were to once die, and
Mix soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the dead should twine,
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

Rich and Poor.

Cleon half a million acres--
Ne'er a one have I.
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes--
Not a penny I;
But the poorer of the twin, is
Cleon and not I.

Cleon true possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth,
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness--
Freshness vigor I;
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Wealth surrounded, care environed,
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Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the dead should twine,
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be--each hope and fear
Thine bright eye o'er clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now!
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaven's whisper's 'dry thy tears--
The pure in heart shall meet again!"

SETTING A BORE.

There is nothing in the wide world so well calculated to throw a chilling influence over the finest flow of animal spirits, as to be the victim of a bore--a man who pierces your ears with the life of Othello--a man who when the skies are lowry, business is dull, and you have a note to pay in the bank? Ah! don't mention it--why a wet blanket anti a circumstance!

When I was in the tobacco and sugar business, I had just such a customer. He came down from the mountain once a week, to buy a couple hundred half Spanish cigars, and he always made it the pretext to bore me for a couple of mortal long hours, picked out of days and gloom and despondency. I tried innumerable experiments to get rid of him, but all proved abortive.

It is hardly necessary for me to bore the reader with a repetition of my bore's conversation. It was of the usual mixture of hyphens and bragadocio, mixed up with personal adventures, rare encounters, and wise saws from his own wit. According to his account, nobody could make him believe that any cigars were made that sold for \$40 a thousand. "No, sir," he said, "I would not do to cram such stuff down his throat. He wasn't green; he was born among the foliage of the Allegheny mountains. If I advanced an idea, or made an assertion, he would combat it ferociously, without ever suffering me to explain. If I told a plain, unvarnished tale--it was seldom, however, that he suffered that--he would sneer, and incredulous look, that told you his 'effort' was merely labor lost."

In this manner I suffered with him until forbearance almost ceased to be a virtue; at length, however, I hit upon a plan which most effectually rid him of me. I told him that I came, as usual, one warm Saturday afternoon, and after making his usual purchases again commenced his infernal and never ceasing system of boring. I was in unusual good spirits, and coolly and patiently awaited the moment to wind him up.

"Been getting a new lot of cigars, eh? I suppose you call 'em Spanish--but a line they never came from Spain--where I was a Spaniard, I tell you."

Mr. Bore sat down and enjoyed the cigar, evidently to his heart's content. "After he had finished, I asked him for an opinion. "Very good! very good," said he. "Glad to hear it, because I am about to make you a proposition."

"You are, eh? Well, what is it?"

"Why I have taken a notion to go to California, and I will let you have them cigars at the lowest cash price."

"Well, just hold on a moment, and I explain. You are there are nineteen boxes, and they cost me just \$24 a box. Now you

shall have them in this way, give me one cent for the first box, two cents for the next, and so continue doubling the amount on to the last box, until you take the whole nineteen boxes."

"I'll take that offer," said Bore, springing to his feet, "let me call in a witness."

"Certainly."

A mutual acquaintance was called in, and a forfeit of \$5 was put in his hands, to bind the bargain, and we commenced operations.

"There," said I, throwing a box on the counter, "is your first box."

"And here," said he, laying down a green unhealthily looking copper, "is your cent."

"Very good, here's your second box."

"And here's your two cents."

"There's your third box."

"And here's your four cents."

"Here's your fourth box."

"And here's your eight cents--ha! ha! old fellow. Cheapest lot of cigars I ever heard of. Go ahead, I hold you to your bargain."

"Let them laugh that win," thought I. "Now, then, here's your fifth box."

"Exactly, and here's the sixteen cents."

"Well, here's your sixth box."

"And here's thirty-two cents. Ha! ha! guess you don't begin to be as smart as you thought you was. Didn't pick up a green horn, eh? Thought I hadn't the money. Go ahead--ladle out some more of them ere cheap cigars."

Still I said nothing, but continued counting out the boxes.

"Here's your seventh box."

"And here's you--twice thirty-two are--sixty-four cents."

"Very good; here's your eighth box."

"And here's your--let me see--dollar and twenty-eight cents."

"Now, said I, confident that his eyes would soon begin to open, "here's your ninth box."

"And here's your--your--two dollars and fifty-six cents."

"Here's your tenth box."

After eying the dollar, he drew out his wallet and counted out \$5.12. With the remark that "they was slightly getting' up stairs."

"There's the eleventh box."

"And here's let me see, twice five is ten--ten dollars and twenty-four cents. Who the d--l would have thought that I would get up to that height?"

"There's your twelfth box."

"And here's your--your--twenty dollars and forty-eight cents," said he, the great beads of perspiration standing on his face.

"Now, my fine fellow, we'll turn the tune. Here's your thirteenth box. Give me forty dollars and ninety-six cents."

The fellow looked agast; a mixture of sweat and tobacco juice was trickling from his chin, and his eyes stuck out like pot feet; nevertheless I hurried him, and made him shut up before he had time to calculate on the next pull.

"Here's your fourteenth box. Now, give me my eighty-one dollars and ninety-two cents."

The fellow now turned absolutely pale, and shivered as if struck with an ague fit. Taking off his hat, he swept the pile into it, and darted out of the door, leaving his V. forfeit, and I have never seen him from that day to this.

THE GREAT CHEESE MILL.

The St. Louis Reveille tells the following good anecdote, which was related by DEX MARBLE a short time before his death:

Two men were seated at a table in Nashville, drinking ale, and eating crackers and cheese. Their conversation at last turned upon large cheese.

"That was a very large cheese presented to Andrew Jackson," said one.

"Yes, it weighed nine hundred pounds and upwards," answered the other.

A young gentleman who was sitting reading a newspaper in the same room, inquired:

"How much did you say, sir?"

"Nine hundred and upward," answered the other.

"That is about half as large as some my father makes in this country," was the young man's reply, "his cheese generally average two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed the strangers in perfect astonishment. "Why, how does he manage a dairy capable of making such an enormous cheese?" inquired both simultaneously.

"Very easily," said the young man, "he has an extensive trough, leading down the side of a large hill, on his place, and half way down there is an immense vat; the cows are milked in the trough, and the same runs into this reservoir, about middle way on the side of the hill."

Leaving the strangers to digest his description, the young man coolly laid down his paper and walked off. Presently the landlord stepped in.

"Do you know that young man who left this room a moment ago?" inquired one of the strangers.

"Yes, sir," said the landlord, "he is the son of a dairy owner in this county."

"What is his character for truth and veracity?" inquired the stranger.

"I never heard it doubted," replied the landlord.

"My reason for asking you," said the stranger, "is that he has been telling us that his dairy, in this country, makes cheese which average two thousand pounds!"

"I don't know anything about the weight his cheese," answered the landlord, "but I know that the old man runs, at the bottom of the hill, on his farm, two saw mills, which are driven the whole year round by the whey which runs from his cheese-press."

"Will you be so kind as to order up our horses," quietly remarked the traveller.

"A lady in South Carolina says she goes heart and soul for the Union, for if the States may separate without peace, after waiting a bargain of Union, the next thing will be the right of the men claiming the right to secede from their wives the moment they disagree or happen to get offended with them."

Advice is like snow--the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

The Editor.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

The editor is the dupe of destiny. His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take in.

His land of promise is a mountain stuffed with thorns.

His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles. His honors resolve themselves into a capital hoax, his pleasures are heavy penalties, his pride is the snuff of a candle, his power but volumes of smoke.

The editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone, a thousand pretenders about town notwithstanding, is indeed the identical martyr commonly talked of as the most ill-used individual.

He seems to govern opinion, and is, in reality, a victim to the opinion of others. He incurs more than nine-tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one-tenth of the reward and reputation.

The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him, the merits are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad article appears, the editor is unsparingly condemned; if a brilliant article be inserted, anonymous carries off the eulogium.

The editorial function is supposed to consist in substitutions of "it be," for "it is," and the insertion of the word however, here and there, to impede the march of fine style.

Commas and colons are the only marks he is reputed to take; his niche of fame is merely a parenthesis; he is but a note of admiration to genius; his life is spent in ushering clever people into deserved celebrity; he sits as chariot, outside the vehicle in which prodigious talents are driven to immortality.

It is his fortune to insert all his contributions in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself for want of space. He always hopes to go in, but expires unblest at last.

He bestows present popularity on thousands without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career in this life is a tale of mystery to be continued in his next.

He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiosity then looks out the corner of its eyes, and with brows and lips pursed up, querulously ejaculates "who is he?" If by chance, praise instead of censure should be mediated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned.

People are only certain of their editor when they are going to cowhide him. Is there a bright passage or twin an indifferent article, you may be sure that they are not indebted for that polish to the editorial pen.

Is there a dull phrase or harsh period in some favorite contribution? Oh! the editor has allowed it, or neglected to revise the proof! But if the editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice abused for what he neglects. It is a curious feature in his destiny that if he strikes out but a single line of an article, whether in poetry or prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be far the best thing the author ever wrote.

Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is the first essential for an editor, and it is at the same time insisted on that judgment is exactly the quality which the editors has not. An author is praised in a review, he is grateful to an individual writer, whose name he has industriously inquired for; an author is condemned in a review, he is unspeakably disgusted with the editor.

Week after week, month after month, the said editor succors the oppressed; raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent; he pens or promulgates the praise of friends of their books, pictures, acting, safety lamps and steam paddles, but from the catalogue of golden names his own is an eternal absentee.

Pat at the Post Office.

The following colloquy took place at an Eastern post office.

Pat--I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a letter for me?"